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PHYSICIANS.

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Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. F. Henry's Drug Store North side

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Homoeopathist

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

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All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.

INSURANCE.

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OLD RELIABLE INSURANCE

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By J. C. THATCHER.

Has passed into its 21st year of successful business. It has paid thousands of dollars for losses. No losses unpaid or undischarged. MORAL—If you want pay for your losses by fire, lightning, or wind storms, insure with the Old Reliable, south side Square, Kirksville, Mo.

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Is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most masterly and durable manner and warrants comfortable fits in all cases. Prices reasonable on gold plates and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Endorsed by both the dental and medical professions as safe and harmless for adults and children.

PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.

Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from the effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, address JAMES TANNER.

JOHN M. DAVIS,

Pension and Claim Agent.

Pensions, Bounties and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filed must bring certified copies.

"HE SHALL PROPOSE,"

—OR—

LOSING AND WINNING.

"Yes, he shall propose this season and then I'll have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him! It will only serve him right."

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attired for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking! of whom thinking! Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn, as the last look was given at the snowy dress which hung in its lace folds, like summer clouds, around the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at this moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage to her shrines; of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance and tranquilly disapproved her 'style.'

It was insufferable; so Florence determined that her third season should be marked by the conquest of the haughty, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde; not that she cared for him—oh no, she was only determined to make him propose; indeed there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin Emma Neville and herself, on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

"Have you thought of your wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing-room together.

"To be sure! You think I shall lose it! I can read your thoughts. 'If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will,' laughed Emma. "That man is invulnerable, Florence."

"Nous verrons, nous verrons," said the beauty; and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! The rich and the noble—the young and the beautiful—all were there; and the centre of an admiring circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to wait with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage who was apparently quite indifferent as to whether he supported that light figure, or that of any one else; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary was sparkling with gaiety; she was dancing with him for the third time; another moment, and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well—Florence knew her ground, and the game she was playing and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said "he is won!"—that of Emma, "not yet!"

"I'm afraid you are fatigued," said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

"Oh no, not much," replied Florence "but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here."

She was in one corner of the room, the most crowded, and removed from either door or window.

"The conservatories are cool," said the Earl, but did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly cool, but she knew also they had another advantage—there were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees, consequently no spot was ever better suited for flirtations—perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leant gracefully back, and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was anything but a ball-room man—for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not, if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he

been Mr. St. Clyde, jr., he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a most delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The gallopade in Gustave roused the Earl from a reverie.

"Are you too much fatigued to join in the gallopade, Miss Neville?"

"Oh yes! I never gallop—it fatigues me so. Is it possible you like that, Lord St. Clyde?"

The Earl persisted, but Florence would not dance; he persuaded her but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request and allowed a compliment to escape him; no, Florence was firm; the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

"I am too selfish, my lord! that gallopade is so inspiring that I cannot resist it."

A change came over the spirit of St. Clyde; he was another creature; and Florence herself again, all triumphant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion; there was a rush toward the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd toward the conservatories, with a fainting figure in his arms; it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water. "It was my fault!" exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; "I made her dance—how lovely she looks! she does not revive; what shall we do?"

"Has no one salts?" cried Emma; call my uncle! I think we had better go home; who has any salts? The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh, Florence opened wide her beautiful eyes, and started up.

"Was it not well done?" "Good heaven, Florence!" "Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager."

"My dear Florence, how you frightened me!" "Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa to the ball room for my beaver and leave the rest to me."

Emma did as she was desired, and forebore to ask any questions until they got home; then she anxiously inquired "did he propose?"

"No, provoking man! but very nearly—did I not faint well?"

"Yes; it will not do, Florence, that man does not care for you."

"Never mind that; he shall propose."

"But you don't care for him."

"Qui importe! he shall propose."

"Never."

"I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season!"

Lady Montague gave a fete at her villa at Putney's. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course, Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing toward her, therefore she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

"You have no bouquet, Miss Neville," was one of his lordship's first remarks; "are you not fond of flowers?"

"Yes, passionately," said Florence, "but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not easily find another so beautiful."

"Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?" was the instant reply. Florence smiled and blushed as she took it, the smile was art; but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed upon her face, and the next moment she was walking with him.

Florence was playing her part to perfection. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she engaged him in animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed.

"Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?" "No," said Florence, "but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my lord?"

"Yes, by heart."

"Then tell me what these mean!"

exclaimed the beauty, quite innocently, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose bud, some myrtle and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then suddenly recovering himself, he said.

"They speak in their simple language, the sentiment I dare not express."

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—the laugh encouraged the Earl.

"Florence forgive me, if—"

"Ah Miss Neville, I have been looking for you everywhere, and here you are, all alone!" cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

"Oh, not alone," said Florence rather annoyed; Lord St. Clyde—why, where is—"

The Earl was gone.

"Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?" said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

"Not quite but as nearly as possible: I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again."

Time! time! can nothing stay thee!

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had had four proposals; of course she had refused them although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she continued her gay and giddy round—still she said, "he shall propose" until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leant back in her box, deaf to the strains of the Grisi—regardless of the adulation around her and disgusted with everything in the shape of gaiety. She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those mild eyes could not belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment! She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then, winding her cashmere around her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really ill. She said "not at home" to every one and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way, as she drew them up. "Like me, poor harp!" she sighed, "you are sinking from neglect."

Suddenly the door opened and a visitor was announced. "Not at home!" cried Florence, hastily.

"Pardon me, for once I disobey," said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued, "I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you—a long, perhaps a last farewell."

"Farewell!" said Florence dropping her harp key; "this resolution has been suddenly taken has it not?"

"No," replied the Earl; "I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here."

"Italy!" exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—"dear, bright, sunny Italy my own fair land!"

"Is it yours, Miss Neville," said St. Clyde, with eagerness.

"Yes, my lord; Florence was my birth place, and my home for fourteen happy years."

Lord St. Clyde paused; nothing is so awkward as a pause in a tete-tete; he felt this, and quickly arousing himself, he said hastily:

"I will not interrupt you any longer—farewell,—perhaps we may meet again."

"Perhaps we may—good by," said Florence extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed, and she was alone. For a moment she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the floor she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of the beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

"Beauty! beauty! murmured she—"paltry gift since it could

not win St. Clyde." And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into tears.

"Florence! my own, my idolized said a voice close to her. She turned round and uttered a real genuine, unartificial shriek.

"The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet."

"Well, Florence," said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde, one day, "you must really give me a lesson on proposals; how well you managed your husband's—teach me the art."

"No, no, you are quite mistaken," laughed Florence; "no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answered. Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now."

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of G. W. Jones deceased, late of Adair county, Mo., have been granted to the undersigned Bettie Jones by the probate court of the county of Adair, bearing date the 21st day of June, 1894. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claim be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred. BETTIE JONES, Executrix.

Breechly cattle and successful farmers agree in one particular—the fence must go.

What a Prominent Insurance Man Says.

H. M. Blossom, senior member of H. M. Blossom & Co., 217 N 3d St. St. Louis, writes: I had been left with a very distressing cough, the result of influenza, which notwithstanding to relieve, until I took Ballard's Horehound Syrup. One bottle completely cured me. I sent one bottle to my sister, who had a severe cough, and she experienced immediate relief. I always recommend this syrup to my friends.

John Cranston, 908 Hampshire street, Quincy, Ill., writes: I have found Ballard's Horehound Syrup superior to any other cough medicine I have ever known. It never disappoints. Price 50c. Sold by Fout & McChesney.

Larger beer is claimed by some to be a tonic. Perhaps it is, but it is Teutonic.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This Liniment is different in composition from any other liniment on the market. It is a scientific discovery which results in its being the most penetrating liniment ever known. There are numerous white imitations, which may be recommended because they pay the seller a greater profit. Beware of these and demand Ballard's Snow Liniment. It positively cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, wounds, cuts, sciatic and inflammatory rheumatism, burns, scalds, sore feet, contracted muscles, stiff joints, old sores, pain in back, barb wire cuts, sore chest or throat, and is sold by Fout & McChesney.

My friend, if you really want to be an angel, do a little rehearsing on earth.

Impure blood is the cause of innumerable maladies. Hence, one of the greatest benefactions to humanity was the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, more than any other medicine, has saved America from becoming a nation of invalids.

Shall the Republic Do Its own Work.

is the title of the famous speech of Hon. J. B. Jones, U. S. S. of Nevada, which has just been reissued by the American Protective Tariff League. The speech makes a pamphlet of 96 pages, and is of great value. Send stamps to cover cost of printing. Address W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, No. 135 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Nine Don'ts for Horsemen.

Don't yell at your horses; it will make you red in the face.

Don't hit your horse with the bridle when you turn him loose in the field.

Don't let your colt run unhoused all winter to an old straw stack to toughen him.

Don't place your main reliance on dogs and stones when driving your horse to or from pasture.

Don't forget when dealing with them that a little temper is a good thing—so good that you should never lose it.

Don't forget when breeding that the law of reproduction, as laid down in the first chapter of Genesis, has not yet been abrogated.

Don't pasture your colts, if you can help it, in a field where the fence is just about high enough to teach them to jump nicely.

Don't hitch him at first to a load which the other horses cannot pull when he holds back or which makes them hold back when he pulls.

Don't neglect to take an ear of corn along when going through the pasture whether you wish to catch a horse or not.

It is poor policy to overload a team, especially a young team. If heavy loads must be hauled, put in more horses, or let those that are over six years of age do the hard pulling. A colt has a colt's disposition, and is not fit to do his best at hard pulling till he has age and practice.

Pallor, languidness, and the appearance of ill-health being no longer fashionable among ladies, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is more largely resorted to as a tonic-alterative, nerve, stomachic, and builder-up of the system generally. This is as it should be. Ayer's is the best.

The world is round but we would that the people of the world were always square.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing.

B. F. Henry's Drug Store.

It is more blessed to receive an ungrammatical, poorly spelled check than a beautifully embellished apology for not paying a debt.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by B. F. Henry druggist.

W. P. Draper, druggist, Springfield, Mass., writes: "Japanese Pile cure has cured a lady 7 years afflicted; could not walk half a mile in the last three years; now walks any distance."

McKeehan & Reed.

Send twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Field's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and say where you saw this advertisement.

Weak, nursing mothers gain strength and flesh by using Johnson's compound cod liver oil. Rich in fat food, pleased to take and easily digested, giving strength to mother and child.

McKeehan & Reed.

Columbian Stamps.

Postmasters in some parts of the country are being besieged with orders for Columbian stamps, most of which they are unable to fill, as these stamps are no longer to be had from the department and many of the denominations are exhausted already. A new \$5 Columbian stamp is said to be worth \$9, and the premium on the \$1, \$3, \$2, and \$1 ones ranges from 25 to 85 per cent. Even when they have been cancelled these stamps, in the higher denominations, sell to collectors and dealers at from 10 to 80 per cent of their face value. A cancelled 50 cent Columbian stamp is worth 40 cents and a 30 cent one, 20 cents. New stamps of these denominations as well as the 15, 10, 8, 6, and 4 cents are still to be had at some postoffices. The supply is decreasing rapidly however.

School Report.

Second monthly report of Green Grove school, commencing April 15, and ending June 8th, 1894. Number of days taught, 20; number of pupils enrolled, 38; total number of days attendance 660; average daily attendance, 33; names of those in attendance every day, Effie Leonard, Maudie and Lulu Hickman, Ora McRae, Dora Elsea, and Virgil Hughes.

CORA HICKMAN, Teacher.

This story is good enough to stand repetition. It is of a Washington woman, who named her girl baby Helen Virginia, without giving any thought to what it would sound like if spoken rapidly. A short time since this woman visited Denver with her little girl. Meeting an old friend, he asked the proud mother the child's name, and she promptly answered "Helen Virginia." "Ah!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "and pray what do you call her in Colorado?"

Clover as a Fertilizer.

An Illinois experiment station bulletin says: It is well known that clover, plowed under, increases the fertility of the soil; and investigations show that this plant and some others make use of the free nitrogen of the air as an element in their nutrition. Most other plants cannot do this. Investigation also shows that clover utilizes the nitrogen of the air through the agency of a low organism found in little knots or tubercles, which form like gall upon the roots. Such knots are found on the roots of all plants which gain nitrogen from the air. They are not found upon any of the grasses or cereals.

Maxims of Milking.

Have your hands clean. Never drive cows faster than a walk. Do not feed immediately before milking. Clean the stable before milking. Clean cow's udders with a cloth and a brush; not using water, except in extreme cases. The dairy has no use for a dog unless it be a well-trained Collie. Keep your left elbow in contact with the cow's hind leg, so she cannot upset the pail. Do not talk while milking. It will cause more or less stopping, which is objectionable. Keep a record of what your cows are doing, both the yield and percentage of fat.—Ex.

Q. O. & K. C. Excursions.

On July 3rd and 4th we will sell round trip tickets to all stations at one fare for the round trip, account of 4th of July celebration, tickets limited to day of sale for going passage and up to and including July 5th 1894 for returning passage.

For the annual meeting of the Illinois Division, League American Wheelman at Quincy, Ills, July 3d, 4th and 5th 1894 we will sell tickets each day of the meeting for one fare for the round trip. Limiting tickets for going passage to day of sale, for returning up to and including July 6th, 1894.

W. H. PHALEN, Agent.

Keep your eye on the man who never whistles.